

Ashland Union.

A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

JNO. SHERIDAN.)

"THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

(EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR)

VOL. IX.

ASHLAND, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1855.

NO. 50.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ASHER HOUSE.
The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has opened a new and commodious hotel, for the accommodation of those who may favor him with their patronage. The house is situated on the corner of Main and Church streets, and is well adapted for the purpose. H. ASHER, Proprietor.

SOUTH AMERICAN HOTEL.
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A CARD.
A. W. MELSEMER would respectfully inform the public that he has taken the large and commodious hotel, for the accommodation of those who may favor him with their patronage. The house is situated on the corner of Main and Church streets, and is well adapted for the purpose. H. ASHER, Proprietor.

FOUNTAIN HOTEL.
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NEW HOTEL.
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EMPIRE HOUSE.
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MILLER HOUSE.
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FRANKLIN HOUSE.
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Poetry.

TWO YEARS OLD.
BY MISS READLEY.

In there on this cold, selfish earth,
One heart so cruel as to scold
A roughish boy, blemish of mirth,
And, like my pet, just two years old?

For fun and mischief seem to leap
From his blue eyes, from Robby's
Heart,
As from a harebell's chalice deep.

The half-impressioned sunbeam dart
I got a switch the other day,
Just half inclined to whip my pet,
But on the marmalade away.

That switch, unused, is lying yet,
For when I shook it over his head,
He danced about half wild with glee,
Then quitted behind the table fled.

And, feigning fear, peeped out at me,
What could I do but laugh at that?
No did my fit of laughter fail
To make him worse; for to the cat

He snatched, and pulled her long sleek tail,
Until poor pussy mewed and howled,
And then, I shook the switch once more,
For many whippings I vowed.

For little Robb were still in store,
But when I cried (with half a frown)
"You hurt the cat, you naughty boy!"
He hugged her up, and cooled her down.

He hugged her up, and cooled her down,
Till poor pussy purred with joy,
For love through all his mischievous flows,
And gentle feelings softly glow.

Though his wild mirth, like some sweet rose,
Reflecting from a gushing stream,
From morning's dawn till set of sun,
His feet and fingers never tire;

He steals the pork for a gun,
And takes the broom to poke the fire,
Then with a cunning look he'll stand
A gleam of beauty, rich and rare.

Upon that old black hat is shed,
For 'neath its brim so dark and deep,
His dimpled face, all bright with bloom,
Peeps out, as rosy vapors peep.

Sometimes, from clouds of wintry gloom,
He'll shyly pull his brother's hair,
Or steal their toys and run to me,
But when they gather round in prayer,

He, too, will bend his little knee,
And though he cannot speak a word,
Thro' worship in his speaking eye,
And Robby's prayer is heard.

When he looks up to God's blue sky,
His father's hat he loves to wear;
And, hiding half his tiny hand,
A gleam of beauty, rich and rare.

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An interest in him now, let us watch the
performances of the Fifth at Inkerman.
Is it not they, yonder on the heights?
Let us get nearer them, for this dismal
day is so like twilight that we cannot
distinguish the figures on their buttons.
Yes, it is. What noble fellows!
How nobly they sit upon their horses!

With what an air of impatience they
lean forward as the battle's din in-
creases! How their nostrils dilate with
the delay of opportunity!

Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do
you see yonder, at the right, that tall,
noble young officer who is gazing with
looks of unspeakable tenderness upon a
locket miniature that he has just drawn
from his bosom? That is he, and the
miniature is of—the name would choke
his utterance if he attempted to speak it;

he is thinking of the time—not many
months ago, but oh, how long!—when
the original of that picture sobbed on
his breast, and clung on him with love's
desperation, kissing him with most im-
passioned kisses, and pleading him in
God's name not to go—oh, not to go!

His lip quivers; he brushes the locket
and replaces it in his bosom. If he were
not agonizingly prayed for with her
every breath, of whom he is now think-
ing, we would say, O God! in mercy let
him not sink on the battle-field to-day!

The Fifth had lost their infantry in
the beginning of the battle, for the Turk-
ish foot, their main support, had fled at
the first onset—and there remained to
them now only a small division of High-
landers, a number quite insufficient to
sustain them. Yet as the canons thun-
dered, and the muskets hailed the death
around, the brave fellows felt it like
a shame to sit there idle while their
comrades were winning glory, and every
moment they grew more and more eager,
even without the support of infantry,

for an occasion to act.
Mark! the tramp of cavalry. Every
rein is tightened, and every horseman's
beast is quelled with expectancy. If
they came at a fierce gallop, as though
they meant to sweep the height at a
single pass. It is the Muscovites! Their
heavy, rushing billows of horse-dish
load the Highlanders, and are shocked
back by the shore of bayonets. They
rally and advance again, slowly and
determinedly.

Then the bugles of the Fifth sound;
and the fiery horses are wheeled into
order for the onset.
Look at Cecil Gray! he has forgotten
the miniature; he has forgotten its
original; he has forgotten the little cot-
tage by the Thames, where she is sigh-
ing prayers unto Heaven for him now;
he thinks only of glory. His breast
heaves and pants, and his hand clutches
his belt, waiting the next signal tramp.

Another blast of the bugles, and the
whole Fifth instantly bristling all over
with swords, like a single being, spring
into the *pas de charge*. A thundering
hurricane of battle, they sweep right
down on the advancing foe with the
speed of the wind. God of heaven—
what a spectacle! With what a sub-
limely terrific shock the two hostile
masses of men and horses crash to-
gether! Sword clings on sword—horses
and rider sink—the sea of combat surges
over them.

The Fifth cut the foe through and
through—and when their bugles sound
the rally they disregard the signal, de-
termined to fight until they clear the
field or die. Horse against horse,
and on and on, Saxon and Cossack,
they cleave one another down, awaying
to and fro like a stormy sea.

Where is Cecil Gray? Yonder is
his plume. Watch it. It tosses above
the thick of the fight, as if it were alive
with glory. There, it loses itself in the
smoke of pistols. It emerges. We lose
sight of it again. Yonder once more it
flies along the field, like some splendid
bird of prey, that kills its quarry, but
stops not to devour. Swords leap up
above and around it; other plumes nod
and sink around it; riderless horses
whirl away from it, and roll down, and
scurry, and struggle, and die in the over-
whelming billows of battle. But the
plume and the sword which goes with
it, cease not an instant in their sub-
lime career.

The wounded French Chasseur who
reclines on his elbow here high up,
watching that plume, forgets his pain,
and ejaculates "C'est superbe!" And
it is superb; it is glorious.

But now that plume is the dreadful
centre of a vortex of foes, which dashes
upon it, as upon a lone sail the foam-
capped whirlpool in the sea. Other
plumes fly to the rescue. Sabres flash
up thick and fast, and chop down into
gray brains, and cross, and thrust, and
stab, and mix in a horrible turmoil of
heroic desperation.

We close our eyes tightly, with a
shuddering sickness and faintness, and
when we open them on the scene again,
the Russians are in total rout, and the
gallant Fifth in rally, with shout and
hurrah! But the plume of Cecil Gray?

It is gone! The prayers which have
kept going up to heaven from the cot-
tage on the Thames have not been an-
swered. That plume bowed to death,
and went down while we were shutting
our eyes.

How gloriously he died! On the
field they found him the evening of that
day, with a monument of slaughtered
heroes piled up to his glory. And his
surviving comrades spaded him a grave
and wrapped his cloak around him, and
laid him to rest. They talked anima-
tingly of his heroism, and then they
spoke fatteringly of one who—

"No more of that, my comrade?"
said he who had been his bosom friend,
in a choking voice. "There!" he had
taken the locket from the neck of the
dead, clipped with his sword a lock
from the hero's hair and shut it over
the miniature, "that shall be her ter-
rific—and may—God—pity—and—
comfort her!"

The big, blinding tears streamed
down those stern men's cheeks; they
filled up the grave, breathing hard with
the rush of home's dear emotions, but
speaking not another word.

A COTTAGE BY THE THAMES.
Inkerman has been fought, and the
news has gone through England. In
that cottage Minnie Gray sits sobbing
and weeping for what she knows pos-
sible, and yet hopes impossible. Weep,
Minnie, the hour is at hand when the
blessed relief of tears may be denied
thee.

"Willie, go to town, and—and—go!"
Willie! Willie goes, he runs all the
way. He brings back nothing but the
newspaper, filled with "LATEST FROM
THE CRIMEA."

"No letter, Willie?"
"None!"

She seizes the paper and gropes, tear-
blind, through the long columns. But
she finds nothing, only that so many
wounded, and the names of a few great
officers that were slain. The throbbing
blood almost bursts from her veins, and
her eyes grow dry, as she reads a printed
letter from one of the Fifth Dragoons.

"Go to the town, Willie, and come
not back till you have brought some
word from him."

The boy went sorrowfully. Minnie
Gray watched the clock and the road to
town all day and all night, and all next
day till the sun went down.

Willie was coming! The sight of him
made her dizzy and faint. How did he
look! Were there tidings in his steps?
Yes! life or death! He came hurriedly,
while he seemed to reel under the weight
of his heart. It must be death! No,
God have mercy! the helping hand!

She staggers out to meet him, and gasps:
"Any word, Willie?"
"No word but—"

She holds her breath, and stares
wildly at him, as he darts forth the
locket. He places it quickly in her
clutching hand and turns his face away.
She unclasps it shudderingly, and the
lock of hair springs out and curls round
her finger! A smothered, quivering,
cry, a stifled, choking wail of agony that
crushed the life out, and Minnie Gray
fell into her brother Willie's arms.

In the little village churchyard there
is now a new-made grave, and over it a
marble slab, bearing this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
CECIL AND MINNIE GRAY,
Whom Peace Married
IN LIFE,
Whom War Wedded
IN DEATH.

Movements of Gov. Reeder—
Kansas Affairs.
The following is from the St. Louis
Intelligencer of the 21st inst:

"Gov. Reeder, of Kansas, arrived in
the city yesterday on the Polar star,
and is now stopping at Barnum's Hotel.
He leaves this evening for his late resi-
dence in Pennsylvania, in order to make
arrangements for removing with his
family to Kansas. He will be absent
about two months. The executive head
of the affairs of the Territory, in the
meantime, is Mr. Woodson, the Secre-
tary. Governor Reeder, before his de-
parture, issued a proclamation for an
election, to be held on the 22d of May,
to fill vacancies that occur in six or eight
districts. He also issued his proclama-
tion to convene the Legislature on the
first Monday in July.

Seven thousand bushels of wheat
were sold, lately, in Milwaukee, at one
dollar and eighty-five cents per bushel—
the highest price ever known in that
city.

Boston April 27
In searching the passengers' luggage
on board the *Africa* yesterday, one of
the passengers' trunks was found to con-
tain about 1,000 letters, which were
seized and taken to the custom house.
They are said to be very valuable, en-
closing drafts, etc., for Boston and New
York houses. The box belonged to the
agent of a well known European Ex-
press Company.

A Lazy man's Paradise.

Lieut. Gibbon's account of his ex-
ploration of the valley of the Amazon,
or rather of one of its main branches,
the Maderia River, (executive docu-
ment No. 36.) from the Pacific side, we
find the following account of the town
of Santa Cruz, the capital of the Bol-
ivian department of that name. For a
lazy man, Santa Cruz de Bolivia may be
a perfect paradise, to say nothing of
a chance a bachelor has of being able to
secure a partner in a city where there
are five women to one man.

"Very early in the morning the
Creole, getting out of bed, throws him-
self into a hammock; his wife stretches
herself upon a bench near by, while the
children seat themselves with their legs
under them on the chairs, all in their
night dresses. The Indian servant girl
enters with a cup of chocolate for each
member of the family. After which she
brings some coals of fire in a silver dish.
The wife lights her husband a cigar,
then one for herself. Some time is
spent reclining, chatting, and regaling.
The man slowly puts on his cotton trowsers,
woolen coat, leather shoes, and
vinous hat, with his neck exposed to the
fresh air—silk handkerchiefs are scarce
—he walks to some neighbor's house
who he again drinks chocolate, and
smokes another cigar."

"At mid-day a small low table is set
in the middle of the room, and the family
go to breakfast. The wife sits next
to the husband; the women are very
pretty, and affectionate to their hus-
bands. He chooses her from among
five, there being about that number of
women to one man in the town. The
children seat themselves, and the dogs
form a ring behind. The first dish is a
chup of potatoes with large pieces of
meat. The man helps himself first, and
throws his bones straight across the
table; a child dodges his head to give it
a free passage, and the dogs rush after it
as it falls upon the ground floor. A
child then throws his bone, the mother
dodges, and the dogs rush behind her.
The second dish holds small pieces of
beef with hot bones. Dogs are now fight-
ing. Next comes a dish with finely
chopped beef, then beef soup, vegetables
and fruits; finely coffee or chocolate."

After breakfast and coffee, and with
his drawers in the hamper. His wife
lights him a cigar. She finds her way
back to bed with a cigar. The dogs
jump up and lie down on the chairs—
the fleas bite them on the ground!—
The Indian girl closes both doors and
windows, takes the children out to play
while the rest of the family sleep.

"At two P. M. the church bells ring
to let the people know the priest was
saying a prayer for them, which rouses
them. The man raises his head and
gazes; the dogs get down and whin-
singly stretch themselves; while the wife
sits up in the bed and loudly calls out
for fire; the Indian girl reappears with
a 'chup' for her mistress to light her
master another cigar, and she smokes
again herself. The dinner, which takes
place between three and five, is nearly
the same as breakfast, except when a
beef is recently killed by the Indians,
when they have a boil. The ribs and
other long bones of the animal are
trimmed of flesh, leaving the bones only
coated with meat; these are laid across
a fire and roasted; the members of the
family, while employed with them, look
as if all were practicing music."

"A horse is brought into the house
by an Indian man, who holds him by the
'patron' saddles and bridle him; he
then puts on a large pair of silver spurs,
which cost forty dollars, and mounting,
he rides out of the front door to the op-
posite house; he takes off his hat and
calls out 'Buenas tardes, señoras!'
'good evening, ladies.' The ladies
make their appearance; one lights him
a cigar, another mixes him a glass of
lemonade to refresh himself after his
ride. He remains in the saddle, talk-
ing, while they lean gracefully against
the door-post smiling with their be-
witching eyes. He touches his hat and
rides off to another neighbor. After
spending the afternoon in this way, he
rides into the house again. The Indian
holds the horse by the bridle while the
master dismounts. Taking off the sad-
dle into another, his spurs on a third,
and himself into the hammock; the Indian
leads out the horse, the dogs pull down
the riding gear to the floor, and laying
themselves on their usual bedsteads—
Chocolate and cigars are repeated."

Geologically speaking, says
Hood, the rock upon which hard drink-
ers split, is quartz.

Dobbs says he would have died
of Cholera in August, if it had not been
for one thing, "the doctor gave him up."

"Why is a four quart jug like a
lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a
gal on (galum.)"

Serpents in a Pile in South Amer-ica.

In the savannahs of Icaezoo, Guiana,
I saw the most wonderful and terrible
spectacle that can be seen; and although
it is not uncommon to the natives, no
traveler has ever mentioned it. We
were ten men on horseback, two of whom
took the lead, in order to bound the great
passages, while I preferred to skirt the great
forests. One of the blacks who formed
the vanguard returned at full gallop,
and called to me: "Here sir, come and
see the serpents in a pile!" He pointed
to the savannah elevated in the middle
of the savannah or swamp, which appeared
like a bundle of arms. One of my com-
panys said: "This is certainly one of the
assemblages of serpents which heap them-
selves on each other after a violent tem-
pest. I have heard of these, but never
saw any; let us proceed cautiously,
and not too near." When we were
within twenty paces of it the terror of
our horses prevented our approaching
nearer, to which one of us was inclined.
On a sudden, the pyramid mass became
agitated, a horrid hissing issued from it,
thousands of serpents rolled spirally on
each other, and shot forth out of the
circle their hideous heads, presenting
their venomous fangs and fiery eyes to
us. I own I was the first to draw back;
but when I saw this formidable phalanx
remain at its post, and appear more dis-
posed to defend itself than to attack us,
I rode round in order to view its order
of battle, which faced the enemy on ev-
ery side. I then thought what could
be the design of this numerous assem-
blage, and concluded that this species of
serpents dreaded some colossal enemy,
which might be the great serpent of pay-
man, and they reunite themselves after
seeing the enemy, so as to resist this en-
emy in a mass.—Humboldt.

The Question Settled.
Why is it that mankind—and more
particularly womankind—desire to con-
ceal their ages? It is a problem which
has never yet been solved. Speaking of
this a few evenings since, a gentleman
related, in course of conversation, the
following anecdote. Major Ben Russell
and Benjamin Bussey, Esq., met in a
barber's shop recently:

"Ah! how do you do, old Ben Rus-
sell?" said Mr. Bussey.
"Come now," replied Major Ben, "I
like that—especially from you, who are
about my age," which was a truth.

"Upon my word," replied Mr. Bussey,
"you're my senior by ten years."
"Oh, no," replied Russell, who, after
a moment's thought, as if seeking for a
test, asked:

"What is the first thing you recol-
lect?"
"The first thing I recollect," replied
Mr. Bussey, "was hearing people talk
about old Ben Russell!"

The Smelling Committee.
The "Smelling Committee" gotten up
by the Know-Nothing Massachusetts
Legislature has caused a great deal of
fun in the Yankeland at the expense
of the secret organization. The Hartford
(Ct) Times says:

"A lithographic caricature has been
got out in Boston, (a copy of which has
been left at our office) representing the
operations of the 'Smelling Committee.'
One fellow has his nose up a chimney;
another is peaking into a clothes-press;
another into a cupboard filled with small
potatoes; another is looking at a cross
and rearing with great surprise; another
is head and shoulders in a basket of
dirty clothes; another is stretching his
neck to peak into an out-house; and two
are crawling under beds, peaking about
the furniture there. This is plainly the
condition of Know-Nothingism."

In another paragraph it thus alludes
to the matter:

"In the Boston Know-Nothing litho-
graphic caricature is a number of the
'Smelling Committee' looking in a cup-
board, where he discovers a pile of very
small potatoes, which he declares were
placed there by the Pope of Rome to in-
sult the Massachusetts Legislature."

Again it says:

"The Know-Nothing legislators of
Massachusetts cannot well explain the
object of their singular examination of
the females in the Catholic schools—
Did they want to find where the danger
of our country lay, when one of them
urged that he might be allowed private
visits to one of the nuns?"

"Bridget where's the tea-kettle?"
"Please, marm, Mr. O'Neil, the new bar-
ber, is washing his feet in it." The last
we seen of Mr. O'Neil, he was going
down the front step, about six inches
in advance of an empty coal-scutter.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I
remember a supernumerary officer, who
had been put up in a place of an invalid,
trying to disperse the crowd by exclaim-
ing with a stentorian voice, 'All ye
blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the
prison of the court intirely, or I'll make
ye, by the powers!'"

The Western Christian Advocate and Journal.

We have received many assurances
from those who are members of the
Church that the course of the *Western
Christian Advocate and Journal* does
not meet their approbation. Under the
suspect of its present editorial corps it
has been turned from a religious into a
bitter and unscrupulous partisan sheet.—
In every number it attacks in the most
scurrilous manner, the Methodist par-
ticularly, which includes in its ranks through-
out the United States a very large pro-
portion of the Methodist denomination.
Its articles are copied into the *Whig
Know-Nothing Journals* with great com-
mendation. The following remarks of
the *Clermont Sun*, in regard to the *Ad-
vocate*, express pretty clearly public sen-
timent. The *Sun* says:

"The political press of the country
has its proper sphere of action, and so
has the religious press; and these
spheres are separate and distinct, as
much as the sentiments of society re-
spectively represented. Each political
party of the day is composed of men
holding dissimilar religious opinions;
and perhaps every Church contains men
belonging to almost every political party
in the land. This being substantially